

Class PR 5187

Book P4Z23

Imprint

ZEMBUCA ;

OR, THE

NET-MAKER AND HIS WIFE :

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

IN TWO ACTS ;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

note
BY I. POCOCK, ESQ.

Author of John of Paris, For England, ho ! &c.



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Zembuca, the sultan,	<i>Mr. Farley</i>
Selim, aga of the janissaries,	<i>Mr. Abbott</i>
Korac, confidant of Zembuca, and governor of the household,	} <i>Mr. Terry</i>
Mirza, the net-maker,	
Buffardo, superintendant of slaves, purse-bearer, &c.	} <i>Mr. Emery</i>
Abdallah,	
Cryer,	<i>Mr. Liston</i>
Hasan,	<i>Mr. Howell</i>
Salic,	<i>Mr. Atkins</i>
Malic,	<i>Mr. King</i>
Tasner,	<i>Mr. Tinney</i>
The spear-guard,	<i>Mr. Duruset</i>
Sentinel,	<i>Mr. Norris</i>
	<i>Mr. Jefferies</i>
	<i>Mr. Lewis</i>
Almazaide, the betrothed wife of Selim,	} <i>Miss Booth</i>
Ebra, the wife of Mirza,	
Katcheka, a slave,	<i>Mrs Gibbs</i>
	<i>Miss Carew</i>

Guards, Slaves, &c.

Principal dancers—*miss Lupino, mrs. Parker, and mr. Soissons.*

SCENE—in Persia.

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ZEMBUCA.



ACT I.

SCENE I—*an arcade in the palace of Zembuca—the gardens of the harem seen beyond; and, in the distance, the river, with the outskirts of the city—Tasner, Salic, Malic, with other slaves, are discovered, with implements of gardening, and advance as the curtain rises.*

TRIO.

When the sun through the cypress grove
Chequers the dewy glade,
The freeman warms to life and love—
We pine beneath the shade.

CHORUS.

Drearly beams the light
On the man, by man oppress'd;
Cheerily falls the night,
When the slave may sink to rest.

TRIO.

When the moon rides through the skies,
Sleep lulls the captive's pain;
When she sets again, we rise
To feel a galling chain.

CHORUS.

Drearly beams, &c.

enter MIRZA, with a bundle of nets, which he bears on a staff across his shoulder.

Mir. So, have I found you at last? by the faith of a true mussulman, and a net-maker, you are a

precious idle set—if Zembuca finds you at this sport, he'll accompany your music with an instrument but little to your taste.

Kat. Ah, massa Mirza, dat you?

Mir. Yes, all that's left of me. I'm half melted with the heat of the sun. Here have I been prowling round the garden with a load enough to break the back of a camel, and after all, find you regaling yourselves with a concert, like so many blackbirds in a grove.

Kat. We only sing to cheat time.

Mir. Cheat time! you have no business to cheat any body.

Kat. Ah, massa Mirza, if you were slave, and work all day long, you soon find how time would hang.

Mir. But if I were to sing all day long, I should soon find how the sultan could hang. Here, take these nets, and string 'em upon the cherry-trees, or perhaps Zembuca will string you up instead.

*[shouts heard without—slaves take the nets as
KORAC enters.]*

Ko. To your work! to your work! know you not Zembuca comes? (*slaves shrink back*) Begone! [*exeunt slaves.*] They are too mean to be the agents of his cruelty; but I, above the common race of slaves, am picked from out the herd, a chosen tool for villany to work with.

Mir. He seems disturbed.—Korac!

Ko. How now, fellow!

Mir. Fellow!

Ko. Mirza! honest Mirza, pardon me, I'm angry, agitated.—Oh, Zembuca, when will thy reign of tyranny expire?

Mir. What has happened?

Ko. Another act of cruelty is added to the list—another victim——

Mir. Another! whom?

Ko. Almazaide, the betrothed wife of Selim, is now a prisoner in the palace. Jealous of the rising popularity and power of his general, this hypocrite, Zembuca, has formed a plot to crush his devoted friend.

Mir. Impossible !

Ko. 'Tis true—by this time accomplished—Selim has met the rebels, and the battle's lost. How lost ? by the base contrivance of this tyrant. The supplies which he so long had promised, were, to my knowledge, kept purposely back ; the reinforcements secretly detained, that inevitable defeat might cover the noble name of Selim with dishonour—oh ! 'twas deep laid—but his crimes may yet be punished.

Mir. I fear it : who will discover crimes in one so great ?

Ko. All the world : the brighter the lustre of the jewel, the more obvious are the spots that deface it.

Mir. But who will dare speak of them to one so powerful ?

Ko. I—I dare speak of them. (*march, piano, without*)—But he comes—you must not be seen.

Mir. Oh, if the sultan's to be here, the sooner I am off the better—I never wish to be seen in bad company. *[exit*

Ko. Zembuca's tyranny increases daily ; the pride of power, urged by the fear of losing it, drives him to acts of desperate oppression. Selim shall not be his victim ! This paper, which I have hastily written, I must try to get conveyed to him,—'twill warn the devoted youth of the danger that awaits him, from the treachery of him whom he believes his friend. O, Zembuca, there is a secret, which, once disclosed, hurls thee from the throne thy tyranny pollutes, and—— (*procession enters*) Enough !

[*the guards, with royal band, advance and fill the stage—officers, and ZEMBUCA.*]

Zem. Give instant orders that the aga Selim, he who has betrayed our trust, and sold his victory to the rebels, be proscribed throughout the city. Should

he dare enter it, ten thousand sequins shall reward the hand that gives him to my vengeance. See it proclaimed. [*exit officer*] Here I confirm the sentence of his banishment,—this shall be delivered by a special messenger.

Ko. This writing was well prepared. (*aside*)

Zem. Ah! Korac—(*to guards*)—Retire! (*exeunt guards*). Now, Korac, speak comfort to thy prince—say, is Almazaide mine?

Ko. Yours!—Almazaide is within the palace.

Zem. Then rest my heart in peace.

Ko. It will not—remember Selim—remember her intended husband. Allah forbids his heart to rest in peace, who has destroyed his friend.

Zem. Slave!—dar'st thou mean—

Ko. Even what I spoke.

Zem. This from you, whom I have cherished as a favourite, exalted as a friend!

Ko. If as a favourite, as a friend, you deny my privilege to do you service, by speaking truth in the cause of virtue,—seeking to make me great, you have made me base.

Zem. Do you defend the aga?

Ko. I would protect him!—Zembuca, hear me. When I became your prisoner, and your servant, I had fallen in battle beneath the arm of your much-injured friend, the aga Selim. I was wounded, and without hope; but compassion rose in the bosom of my conqueror, and scorning to strike his fallen enemy, he preserved me. At his own peril he bore me from the field in safety, and to yourself resigned me, to be your slave. 'Tis true, you lightened the chains of servitude, for you found my ministry useful, and I became your confidant—remember—your *confidant*! In your presence and in mine, the late vizier Ali expired—to his last moments we both were privy, and you *now* possess the throne of Persia. I have been faithful, for you had made me your friend, and I felt gratitude. I was your slave too, and therefore bound to secrecy; but slaves have feeling, which, when ty-

ranny grows wanton with them, can speak in voice of awful admonition to the oppressor. Your commands in sorrowing duty I perform, but never—never shall the heart of Korac forget its gratitude to Selim, for the life he saved.

Zem. Indeed! I'll rid you of the burthen, then—this paper waits your signature—when 'tis done, give it to my hand again.

Ko. I shall obey. Fortunate chance!—Could I but send my own in place of this. I must attempt it, or the noble Selim's lost. *[exit*

enter ABDALLAH.

Ab. The superintendant of the slaves, and purse-bearer to the lower household, waits without, to salute your highness on his appointment.

Zem. The man who served the late vizier as jester?

Ab. The same; but it is my duty to forewarn your highness, that, though unfit to fill his former station, he retains a freedom and a levity of speech, that ill becomes a royal presence.

Zem. No matter, admit him. *[exit Abdallah]*
Fools that talk most, deceive the least. I may have employment for him.

enter BUFFARDO, attended.

Zem. A dull visage for a jester—are you a man of merriment?

Buf. No truly, not I; your highness has made me a purse-bearer, and that's a serious business. I was merry only while I had no money.

Zem. What is your name?

Buf. Buffardo.

Zem. And what weighty consideration induced you to change your mode of life?

Buf. It was the want of a weighty consideration; my pockets were empty, so was my stomach—your highness has filled them both—I thank you.

Zem. Can you be honest?

Buf. Certainly; you have made it worth my while,

Zem. What can you do ?

Buf. Every thing you bid me.

Zem. That shall be proved ; but are you qualified ?

Buf. For a place at court ? quite. I can take good care of myself, make a long speech about nothing, nod my head as if there was something in it, and attend dinners at the shortest notice.

Zem. Why did you not apply to be my jester ?

Buf. I knew better—there is no want of fools at court.

Zem. Will you be always in readiness ?

Buf. When there is any thing to be given away.

Zem. I give but little to such as thou art.

Buf. If you give only to the wise, your majesty gives little indeed.

Zem. All about my person are wise.

Buf. Then you must be very thinly attended.

Zem. Well, I admit you on trial.

Buf. Oh, bless you !

Zem. Take him hence, and attire him as becomes his station—go, fellow, and learn to imitate your superiors.

Buf. Let me once slip into the robes of office, I'll soon imitate them—I'll get a deputy to do my work, but take special care to receive the salary myself. Lead on, slaves.

[*exit* BUFFARDO, &c.]

[ZEMBUCA *speaks with* ABDALLAH *as* KORAC *enters at the side, with papers*]

Ko. Now, Allah, prosper my design—they are superscribed alike ; but, should he read—

Zem. So,—are my orders executed?—that dispatch—

Ko. Is here, sir—shall I deliver it ?

[*crosses* ZEMBUCA, *and prepares to change the papers*]

Zem. Hold ! let me see it.

[KORAC *delivers it, and in his agitation drops the false paper*]

Right ! it contains the doom of Selim. Let it be forwarded without delay. (*retiring*)

Ko. All's safe !

(*putting the real paper in his bosom*)

Ab. (*advancing to the paper*) Mighty sultan !

Ko. (*perceiving it*) Ah !

(*stamps his foot upon it*)

Zem. What now ?

Ab. Here is a paper, sir.

Ko. That—that I carelessly let fall. (*picks it up and shews it to ZEMBUCA*)—Your dispatch.

Zem. "To Selim." (*reading*)

Ko. "Late Aga of the Janissaries"—with my official signature.

Zem. 'Tis well.

[*exit ZEM.*]

Ko. (*to ABDALLAH*) Away instantly—forward that paper—'tis by the sultan's order—begone.

[*exit attendant*]

My project has succeeded—I have preserved my friend.—Prophet of the just ! thy spirit still direct me !

[*exit*]

SCENE II.—*interior of MIRZA'S cottage—a large window in the back—a door near the centre, and a closet on the other side : the whole apartment picturesque, being occupied by the various implements of net-making, &c.—River and fortress seen through the window.*

[*music*]

enter EBRA, with mesh and netting-needle, as at work.

Ebra. (*throwing down her work*) Just mid-day, and Mirza not come home ! Why does he stay ? Whenever he carries his nets to the palace, I am never easy till he returns. He hates Zembuca so cordially, and speaks his mind so freely, that I fear the indiscretion of his tongue may betray the secret workings of his heart. Would he were returned.

[*music*]

Mir. (*as he enters*) Wife ! Ebra !

Eb. Ah, my dear Mirza, why did you stay so long ?

Mir. To hear the news—there's the old work going on at the palace

Eb. Indeed ! you tremble.

Mir. Do I ? 'tis with rage then. The aga Selim is banished, and Almazaide, whom he was to marry when he returned from the wars, penned up in the Harem. This Zembuca is the people's scourge, not their blessing ; even Korac, his chief friend and favourite, turns upon him at last.

Eb. Mirza, remember, you are only a poor net-maker :—this is no business of yours.

Mir. No business of mine ! 'tis every honest man's business, however humble his station, to set his face against tyranny and oppression. But come, let's to dinner, for I am vexed and weary.

Eb. It is all prepared. [*a knock at the door.*]

Mir. Who can that be ?

Eb. 'Tis at our door.

Mir. Who knocks ?

Voice. Enquire not, but open, I entreat you. Be speedy, or I am lost !

Eb. 'Tis the cry of distress.

Mir. The cry of distress !—open the door.

[*music*]

[*EBRA opens the door, and SELIM enters—a Dervise's cloak, in which he is wrapped, falls back, and discovers his person. He leans, exhausted, against the door, which he closes hastily*]

Selim, the banished aga !

Sel. Be silent ! name me not, I implore you.

Mir. Noble sir, why are you here ? know you not the consequence ?

Sel. Too well ;—and well I know the cause.

Eb. Whatever be the cause, we are honoured by your presence. Joy and welcome to you, sir !

Sel. Joy I must never hope to find, 'till Almazaide be restored. Korac, by some friendly stratagem, apprized me of my danger ; he informed me too, (you

best can tell how truly,) that should I enter the city, I might find security in Mirza's cottage.

Mir. Did he—did Korac say that? his confidence has made me proud!

Eb. We rejoice in proving thus our gratitude;—to Korac's kindness we owe all that we possess.

Mir. How can we serve you?

Sel. By suffering me to remain here 'till my purpose is accomplished.

Mir. The house is yours; and for want of a better, I'll be your body-guard.

Eb. And I, your servant.

Sel. Heaven will reward you—I cannot.

[*shouts heard without*

[*music*]

Eb. Is the door fast?

[*SELIM rushes towards it, lays his hand upon the bolt, and with the other screens himself from the sight of the crowd, who are seen through the window surrounding the cryer*]

Eb. 'Tis the cryer—listen!

[*MIRZA and EBRA stand apart near the front*

Cryer. "Take notice, all good musselmen, that his sublime highness the sultan Zembuca, having heard that Selim, the banished aga, is now concealed within the city, proclaims, through me, sentence of death, to all who may conceal him;—and to those who may deliver him to the hands of justice, a reward of ten thousand sequins."

[*the mob shout and follow the cryer—SELIM lifts his arms in despair, and watches the hesitation of MIRZA and EBRA*]

Mir. Death to those who may conceal him!—

Eb. A reward for his discovery!—

Mir. Ten thousand sequins! in old age a certain comfort.

Eb. For my poor children what a change! from poverty to splendid independence! [*catches the eye of MIRZA, who glances towards her*]*—Mirza!*

Mir. Ebra! [*advancing towards her*]

Sel. By Heaven, they hesitate !

Mir. Can those riches give comfort to our age, that have been obtained in our youth by the destruction of a fellow-creature ?

Eb. Can that wealth ever prosper, which is extracted from the groans, perhaps the blood of a wretched captive ? never !

Mir. Impossible !

Eb. Yet 'tis an immense sum ; and for us—

Mir. It cannot purchase happiness—our days would pass—

Eb. In unavailing repentance.

Mir. Our nights—

Eb. In agony inutterable. Yet think—

Mir. I am resolved.

Eb. Then Selim is—is—

Mir. In safety !

Eb. Oh ! I am happy—[*falls into MIRZA'S arms*]

Sel. Bless them, Allah !—yet, reflect,—this may lead you into danger.—

Mir. You *are* in danger, and I shall not resign the chance of doing good for certain evil.

Sel. But, be cautious ; should your zeal in my behalf betray you—

Mir. Fear not, noble sir—I'll mingle with the crowd, and bring you further information speedily. Ebra, should danger stir while I am absent, remember the secret closet. You understand—

Eb. I do.

Mir. And above all, betray no apprehension.

Eb. Rely on my discretion—taught by the example of my dear Mirza, I feel confident of success, and fearless of danger.

Mir. The innocent always feel so.—Now let Zem-buca, in his pride of power, envy the feelings of a poor net-maker.

[*MIRZA exits at door—SELIM and EBRA at the side*

[*Music.*]

SCENE III.—*inside the palace.*

enter BUFFARDO in his new dress, followed by slaves, who all chatter round him.

Slaves. Ah! Buffardo! Buffardo! massa Buffardo!

Buf. Silence, I say, silence! [*slaves pause*] hem!—now let me inform you, who and what I am.

Kat. Ah, we know very well—you massa Buffardo—you great man, you purse-bearer, and pay us for work.

Buf. Yes, I am appointed your whipper-in, and shall pay you for idleness—look here! (*holding up a whip*) here's my badge of authority—[*slaves draw back*] Why, you don't seem pleased,—instead of welcoming your new master with smiles, your faces are as long and as black as a winter's night—have you no respect?

Kat. Oh, yes, massa, we plenty of respect.

Buf. Plenty, have you? you take care not to part with any of it,—you hav'n't decreased your original stock on my account—why don't you bend, you stiff-necked rascals? have you lived at court, and not learned common politeness? [*slaves all bow*] ah! that's all proper,—that's as it should be.—Now then, away to your employment! abscond! fly! [*exeunt slaves*] Poor devils! to be sure it would be something out of my pocket, but, if I was a sovereign, curse me if I would not abolish that system altogether, and have this insignia of slavery burnt by the common hangman! [*throwing away the whip*] Now, after I have kissed hands on my appointment, I'll go and visit the blue-eyed Ebra,—the baggage jilted me for a net-maker—I'll try if she'll refuse me now—it isn't every woman can resist fine clothes, a full purse, and—this figure! [*exit*]

enter ZEMBUCA, followed by KORAC, &c.

Zem. Bring him before us!

Ko. Mirza! Mirza detained! I'll answer with

my life for that man's honesty ! dread sir, remember how many you have dismissed already,—the hopes of your reward induce these slaves to seize on all, without discrimination.

Zem. I will examine him at all events—let him appear.

Ko. (*aside*) Now, Mirza, all must depend on you.

MIRZA is brought in by guards.

Zem. Are you the net-maker, whose name is Mirza ?

Mir. Mirza is my name, and I'm a net-maker.

Zem. Where do you dwell ?

Mir. At present in Zembuca's palace—I'd rather dwell at home.

Zem. Where is your home ?

Mir. At a hut, on the banks of the river.

Zem. Speak without equivocation.

Mir. Why should I speak otherwise ?

Zem. Do you know who and what I am ?

Mir. Thoroughly.

Zem. Do you know Selim ?

Mir. Still better.

Zem. Then you will not deny him ?

Mir. Wherefore should I ? he is virtuous, upright, and just—I am proud to acknowledge all such.

Zem. Tell me where he now is.

Mir. Where I am—under the protection of Providence.

Zem. You answer boldly.

Mir. Because I have never done an act to be ashamed of.

Zem. I am told Selim is concealed by your means ; if, therefore, he does not appear within twelve hours, your life shall answer it.

Mir. It will not.

Zem. How !

Mir. If you think by my means he may be discovered, you will not despatch me till you get the secret.

Zem. Insolent reptile!—convey him from my presence.

Mir. I thank your highness—that's the greatest favour you can do me.

Zem. Korac, convey him to prison.

Mirz. A prison! me to prison! you'll not sleep the sounder for that—my wife and children's cries will ring upon your ears, and vibrate to your heart! Look that you hear them not. The prop that supported a poor man's dwelling you have deprived them of.—Look that your own palace stands the firmer for it.

Zem. Korac—to your care I confide him. See him well secured—[*KORAC shows signs of joy, and exit with MIRZA and guards.*]—'Tis plain, this man's poverty could not resist so tempting a reward; but to detain him till to-morrow, will assist my purpose with the gentle Ebra.—Buffardo!

BUFFARDO enters.

Buf. Here I am, most mighty sultan!—I've put on the peacock's feathers, and I flatter myself I shan't disgrace my calling.

Zem. I am about to try that. Listen! I have just sent to prison a man named Mirza.

Buf. Mirza! what, Mirza the net-maker?

Zem. You know him, then?

Buf. I've heard of him—this is lucky, I shall have Ebra all to myself. Pray what may be his offence?

Zem. He claims a right in her, whose charms are worthy my possession.

Buf. What, Ebra?—what, his wife?—oh, lord!

Zem. Do you know her, too?

Buf. Slightly, slightly,—a sort of how-d'ye-do and good-bye acquaintance.

Zem. When last I took my rounds in disguise about the city, I beheld her for the first and only time, but her beauty still remains impressed on my imagination. Go, therefore, as my emissary, and prevail on her to return with you secretly to the harem.

Buf. Your highness's seraglio must be but indifferently stocked, to be thus smitten with a poor net-maker's wife.

Zem. No remarks! Depart! and as you succeed for me, so you will best serve yourself. [*exit Zem.*]

Buf. What a devil he is after the girls! why, he's worse than I am,—the very morsel too with which I was going to regale myself. No matter, it shall be my turn by and by. Hang me if I don't have a seraglio of my own, and strut among my beauties as grand as the best bantam of the brood. [*exit Buf.*]

SCENE IV.—*the net-maker's cottage.*

EBRA and SELIM discovered.

Sel. Ebra, kind Ebra! do not feel thus alarmed.

Eb. How can I feel otherwise? he promised to return immediately, and now the sun's last ray gleams on the towers of the fortress.

Sel. Dismiss your fears—had your husband been suspected, they would long ere this have searched the house, and dragged me hence.

Eb. That they shall never do; I have yet means to baffle the strictest scrutiny—attend! that closet is as deep within the wall as it projects beyond it—Mirza made it in the last war, to conceal our little property—in the centre is a false back, which opens by a spring—see! [*as she opens it, a knock heard at the door*]*—Ah! 'tis Mirza!*

Sel. Stay; it may not be Mirza.

Eb. Who is there?

Buf. Open the door, and you'll see—I'm a messenger from the sultan! (*without*)

Eb. From the sultan! [*music*]

[*she opens the door, after making a sign to SELIM, who enters the closet.*]

enter BUFFARDO.

—Now, sir, what is your business?

Buf. Business! do you take me for a tradesman? I have just been made an ambassador—I'm a man of pleasure!

Eb. Sir! you—you—why, surely, 'tis Buffardo!

Buf. Oh, yes, it's Buffardo, sure enough. Don't wonder at her not knowing me, poor thing! for since I've put on the robes of office, I hardly know myself.

Eb. 'Tis plain no ill has befallen Mirza, or he would be the first to tell it me. (*aside*)

Buf. You are astonished, hey? now you see what you've lost by refusing me for that noodle of a net-maker; a fellow without talents; not at all fit for office.

Eb. Quite as fit as a fellow who did nothing but ride a horse from morning till night round his father's mill.

Buf. Gently, gently, if you please, mrs. Ebra; don't talk of what I was; think of what I am—we have no memory at court for what we have been.

Eb. Court! ha! ha! you at court.

Buf. The first man in it; and I bring you an invitation to be second favourite.

Eb. What does he mean?—me!

Buf. Yes, you—the sparks from your eyes have caught the tinder of the sultan's heart, and lighted up such a blaze, that he says nobody can put it out but yourself! But why don't you ask me to sit down?—are these your manners?

Eb. If I could but keep him engaged till Mirza returns—I'll bring you a seat directly, Buffardo; and what's better, something to eat.

Buf. Ay, do.

Eb. If I could but detain him till Mirza arrives—(*aside*)

[*exit*

Buf. I mus'n't tell her about master Mirza, or I shall never get her out of the house. Nobody on the watch, I hope—but I thought I heard two voices as I entered—a closet! [*opens the closet, which appears empty.*]

EBRA enters, with a seat.

Eb. What are you doing there? he surely doesn't suspect---why don't you help me with the table? Is this your court-breeding?

Buf. Beg your pardon, beg your pardon, upon my honour; but, really, my head's so full of state affairs, you must excuse me. [*music*] (*they bring on table, &c.*) Ah, ah! this looks well---this is all right. (*seats himself*)---won't you pick a bit?

Eb. Not till Mirza returns.

Buf. No---then you'll have a devil of an appetite the next time you eat. (*aside.*)

SELIM appears at the closet.

Eb. Now tell me the meaning of all your fine speeches about the sultan.

Buf. Why, the meaning is, that Zembuca thinks you just as tempting as I do this chicken, and wants you to return with me to the seraglio; therefore, you had better get yourself ready; and by the time you are dressed to your liking, I shall be sufficiently refreshed to walk back with you. (*while BUFFARDO is eating, SELIM is writing on a paper.*)

Eb. Impudent coxcomb! but I'll match him. (*sees SELIM beckoning, she takes the paper, and reads*)---
"Agree to his desire, and I will go in your place, disguised in the dervise habit which before concealed me."

Buf. (*eating*) Well, what do you say? will you do as you are desired?

Eb. I will! (*SELIM makes signs of acknowledgment.*)

Buf. That's right---it isn't every day that such good things fall, as it were, into a person's mouth.

Eb. But the voice---that alone will betray. (*eating*)

Buf. And, if you can but contrive to hold your tongue so long, and muffle yourself up in a cloak, nobody will see or hear you---so you needn't be afraid

of your character. I assure you, Zembuca has a great regard for you in that respect.

Eb. Why, to be sure, it is a great temptation; but I'm afraid when I get there, you'll only make a fool of me.

Buf. No, no, I'll take care of that; one of my trade's quite enough.

Eb. Then, if I were to go——

Buf. The sultan would give you as warm an embrace, as I do this jug of liquor. (*drinking*)

Eb. Well, then, I'll put on the cloak of an old dervise that sometimes lodges here.

Buf. That's a good thought of yours. Do, put it on, and I'll drink "Success to the sham dervise, and may his cloak answer every intention of the wearer."

[*drinks*]

Eb. Thank you, Buffardo, thank you, heartily.

Buf. But make haste, or by the time you are disguised as a dervise, I shall be disguised in liquor.

Eb. Don't look at me while I put on my dress.

Buf. O, no—decency, decency, my dear!

Eb. When I say, "ready!" you may look, but I shall not speak another word after——(*pause*)——Ready!

Buf. So am I. (*rising*) Come, that's the most substantial joke I've had to-day. (*he sees SELIM in disguise, EBRA having entered the closet*) By the beard of Mahomet, you look a strapper in that dress; but it's no wonder, I'm grown very high myself since I got into the road to preferment—so, come along, my love—come along, my charmer. [*exeunt*]

SCENE V.—*interior of the palace.*

enter KORAC.

Ko. Once more, for the last time, I'll probe Zembuca's heart! If any spark of honour yet remain, I'll rouse it to a flame; but should I find him lost indeed to every sense of feeling and of shame, I may behold his fall without a pang.

enter BUFFARDO, conducting SELIM.

Buf. This way, this way ;—now, if his high mightiness the sultan doesn't say I've done the thing neatly, I say he's no judge of an ambassador—that's all.

Ko. Buffardo ! who hast thou conducted to this forbidden spot ? know you not the punishment ?

Buf. Hold your tongue ; it's only a tit-bit for the sultan.

Sel. Korac here ! Could I discover myself ! (*aside*)

Buf. (*to SELIM*) That's right—imitate the gruff voice of a man, and you'll not be discovered. This is a worthy dervise, come to advise with the sultan.

[*while BUFFARDO turns to KORAC, SELIM opens the cloak, and discloses himself—a scarf drops from the folds.*]

Ko. Ah ! is it so ?

Buf. Yes, it is so, indeed—you may well be surprised at seeing such a person here. Bless your soul, it's only the little blue-eyed Ebra ! Zembuca has taken a fancy to her, and made me plenipotentiary on the occasion.

Ko. I comprehend—your companion would attend on Almazaide. (*SELIM bows.*)

Buf. Ah ! that's a very good excuse.

Ko. Come, I'll lead the stranger in : Zembuca is in his closet, where no one but myself is privileged to enter.

Buf. Ah ! now I've done the work, you want to touch the reward—hey ?

Ko. Do not believe it. I promise, that whatever recompense Zembuca may think you merit, shall be yours alone.

Buf. Well, go along with him, Ebra, and don't tremble so—bless you, the danger's over now. (*SELIM crosses to KORAC*) Korac will soon show you the person you came to see—won't you, Korac ?

Ko. That I will, be confident.

[*exeunt KORAC with SELIM*

Buf. Come, I think the sultan will shower his rewards upon me pretty thick for that job! what have we here? a scarf!—(*picking up the scarf which SELIM dropt*)—A general's scarf! here's more luck—then Selim was in the cottage, and this has stuck in the folds of Ebra's cloak. I'll be after him directly. If I should find him—ten thousand sequins! and no fees to pay! Oh, Lord! 'twill make a man of me—ten thousand sequins!

[*exit*

[*music*]

SCENE VI.—*a splendid apartment in the seraglio—steps ascend to an archway in the centre, through which appear a balcony and veranda—dark—the front is brilliantly illuminated—lively music heard, and Almazaide, splendidly dressed, advances from the veranda—as she closes the curtains with which the archway is hung, the music ceases.*

Alm. To escape is hopeless! the veranda leads into the gardens of the Harem, surrounded by walls and lined with sentinels—here then I must await my destiny—yet think not, Zembuca, these glittering toys, these false and fleeting pleasures can ever win me to thy arms! oh, Selim! Selim! fly to the rescue of the wretched Almazaide—leave me not to wear the garb of vice, while virtue swells my heart.

enter KORAC, from veranda.

Ko. Alone! 'tis fortunate!

Alm. Who art thou?

Ko. The friend of Almazaide.

Alm. Almazaide has no friend but Allah and her Selim.

Ko. Yes, one more—Korac. Nay, doubt me not—Selim is at hand, in safety, and unknown.

Alm. Selim! Selim! said you? noble-minded man! what hast thou risked to save me?

Ko. That which thy noble Selim gave—my life! For his sake, for your own, be careful; one incautious

word would now destroy us—be patient—be confident—and, when the time best serves—Korac the slave shall make this tyrant tremble!

Alm. Oh, fear me not; but where, where is my lord, my life?

Ko. He waits at the veranda; I have removed the guard, and will conduct him to you. *(going*

[bugle heard without]

Alm. Undone! undone! it is the sultan.

Ko. Hush! 'tis too late; I cannot now apprise him of his danger.

[bugle again, and music without]

—Be calm, and leave the rest to me.

[music louder]

dancers advance, and attendants—lastly, Zembuca.

Zem. By Mahomet, she blooms as fair as when my eager love first sued to win her smiles! Beauteous Almazaide, let all remembrance of the past be buried in oblivion, and live henceforth for joy, and for thy prince!

Alm. Who can absolve the pledge of faith,—who can absolve the plighted vows to Allah, and my affianced husband?

Zem. Still this obdurate folly!

Alm. Oh, prince! restore him, and I bless thee!

(kneeling

Zem. You know the terms---accept them.

Alm. Never! My heart is Selim's, but my honor is mine own! still shall you find me firm in my faith to him---invulnerable to thee.

Zem. Presumptuous girl! yet, even in her anger lovely!--Come, haughty fair-one, mar not the present hour with frowns, but weigh the difference between a vassal's grovelling love, and Zembuca's favour.

[Zembuca advances to Almazaide---she catches the eye of Korac, and takes the proffered hand of the sultan, who leads her to an ottoman, which has been placed by the attendants at the side]

Ko. That's well. Now could I but reach the veranda, and prevent his entrance.

Zem. Korac, stand near us.

[Korac looks anxiously towards the archway, bows, and crosses to Zembuca.]

—Commence your revelry.

[a ballet is here performed.]

Zem. 'Tis well!--give me the cup.

[The attendants step forward with wine---the dancers are so dispersed, as to face the sultan, and to leave the archway exposed. At the instant Zembuca turns and offers the cup to Almazaide, she utters a cry of terror, and falls back. Korac springs up the steps, and forces back Selim, who has suddenly appeared, and throwing open the remaining part of the drapey, turns to answer the surprise of Zembuca.]

Zem. Why this alarm?

Ko. The heat of the apartment, nothing more---a deadly paleness overspread her features, and I hastened to remove the cause.

Zem. She faints! look to her.

Ko. Those curtains now withdrawn, all will be well.

Alm. Surely I beheld the features of—

Ko. Of Zembuca---behold he is still here!

Alm. I am unused to midnight revelry---so please you, I would be alone.

Zem. Speak, and you command. I leave you to repose---let all retire.

[all retire

—But avoid reflections on the past; wear now Zembuca ever in thy heart.

[exit

Alm. I could not have been deceived.

[music---Korac advances to the archway.]

SELIM enters.

Sel. Almazaide!

Alm. It is---it is my Selim!

[*They fly to each other's embrace.---Music increases to violence, and Zembuca heard.*]

Zem. (without) Let none pass in or out the fortress !

Ko. Zembuca's voice !

Alm. Fly, Selim, fly to the veranda !

Ko. 'Tis in vain, the garden is beset by troops.

Zem. (without) Let every post be doubly guarded
---this is the scarf of Selim !

Ab. (without) We found it in the apartment of Buffardo.

Zem. (entering) Indeed, treacherous villain ! then 'twas he admitted---a stranger ! seize on the traitor !

[*music*]

[*They secure him---his cloak falls off*]

---Selim !

Sel. Ay, deceitful tyrant ! Selim, thy injured friend ! Come, lead me to my fate !---thy tyranny may triumph for a while, but the day of retribution will ere long arrive, and hurl destruction on thy guilty head !

Zem. Drag him to his death.

Ko. (aside to Almazaide) 'Tis our last hope !
(*draws his scymitar*)---The chains of death are on him.

Zem. Korac, I will not trust thee,---thou art treacherous !

Ko. Not so—I too have been deceived.

Zem. Away ! to prison !

Ko. To prison !

Alm. Spare, oh spare my Selim, and let Almazaide die !

[*music*]

[*Almazaide struggles to accompany Selim, who runs to the veranda---armed men rush forward and prevent his escape---Almazaide faints in the arms of Zembuca, and Korac raises his scymitar over the head of Selim---curtain falls*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*the net-maker's cottage.*

EBRA *discovered at a table—a lamp burning—effect of moon-light through the window.*
[*music expressive*]

[EBRA *listens—music ceases*]

Eb. I am again deceived! each step I hear, exhausted patience makes me believe my husband's.—What can have happened? I dread, I fear the worst; but this suspense is terrible.—Oh, my poor Mirza! the aga too:—no tidings yet of him—perhaps they are alike involved, and—

[KORAC *appears at the window.*]*Ko.* 'St! 'st!*Eb.* Again! I could not be mistaken!*Ko.* Fear not—'tis Korac. [*looking in*]*Eb.* Welcome, welcome!KORAC *enters.**Yet Mirza,—but I dare not enquire—**Ko.* Are you alone?*Eb.* Quite.*Ko.* Then all is safe—advance!—MIRZA *enters.**Mir.* Ebra! my dear Ebra!*Eb.* Oh, joy! joy! (*running to him*) But how! tell me, where is the aga?*Mir.* In the tyrant's fangs.*Eb.* But you—*Mir.* Have been rescued by Korac.*Ko.* Quick, close the window—(*EBRA closes it*)—we have no time to lose in explanation—Selim must be released—'tis a desperate enterprise; but with my aid, Mirza must attempt it.*Mir.* Willingly.*Eb.* (*advancing*) No, no! I have endured too much already.—While we may in safety, let us quit this place for ever.

Mir. And leave our friends to perish !

Eb. Oh ! Korac, if it was in your power to release my husband, why not, at the same moment, have given Selim liberty ?

Ko. Mirza was in my custody, and his escape will not be known till day-break ; but Zembuca (though still secure in my fidelity) knows me for the friend of Selim, and with jealous eye watches me at every turn. The aga's prison lies in that part of the fortress which overhangs the river ; and to reach it undiscovered, was impossible.

Mir. How then do you propose ?

Do. Pass in a boat across—land on the opposite shore, and I will meet you on the walls.

Mir. It shall be done.

Eb. But, how to scale them ?

Mir. Easily ; leave that to me, with your assistance—I have enough netting in the loft above, to ascend a minaret.

Ko. 'Tis well ; but that I may be sure of your approach, let your boy chaunt the boatman's evening song—meanwhile, and 'tis a serious charge, you, Ebra, must convey this packet to the shiek Mohammed. *[giving packet]*

Eb. He that now commands the janissaries ?

Ko. The same ; he lies encamped eastward of the city. The contents of that will urge the soldiers with resistless motives to espouse the cause of Selim, and ere the sun appears, Zembuca falls, unpitied and despised, and we are slaves to tyranny no longer.

Eb. Indeed ! that hope inspires my heart with more than woman's courage.

[KORAC, having opened the door, returns]

Ko. Stay, one thing I had forgot---the tower that flanks the northern entrance is the weakest part of the fortress—bid him strike there.

Eb. I will be sure on't.

[BUFFARDO takes advantage of KORAC's opening the door, enters and conceals himself behind the curtain]

Ko. Farewell ! success be with you.

Eb. Oh, doubt it not! success must be with those who fight for freedom. [*exit Korac*]

[*BUFFARDO being exposed, runs behind the curtain*]

Mir. Now follow, and help me to prepare; the tide ebbs fast, and we have no time to lose.

Eb. I am ready; come.

[*During her dialogue with KORAC, EBRA secures the packet, and exits, following MIRZA—BUFFARDO then sneaks forward*]

Buf. Oh yes, 'tis Selim, sure enough—any fool can see that, though he drest himself up in Ebra's clothes. The dog looks well enough in petticoats, and if their voices were not so different, I might have been deceived. But how came Mirza here? oh, I suppose the sultan prefers the company of his wife—here he is again. (*retreats*)

enter MIRZA with a bag—EBRA dragging a heap of netting, to which is attached loops.

Mir. Now, Ebra, place it in the bag.

Buf. Ebra! why it is Ebra! then, who the devil have I taken to the palace? (*aside*)

Eb. I must be careful not to entangle it.

Mir. But how did you contrive to get Selim into the seraglio?

Eb. Oh—ha! ha! I sent him muffled up in the dervise dress, with that fool Buffardo.

[*BUFFARDO expresses amazement*]

Mir. Indeed! then the scarf by which he was discovered must have dropt by accident; it was found in Buffardo's apartment, whom they searched for in vain. His punishment at best would have been a sound whipping, and the loss of his ears; but, having left the palace, 'tis a chance now if he escapes the bowstring.

[*BUFFARDO expresses great horror*]

Eb. Poor fellow! then I suppose, by this time, he is too anxious about his neck, to think much of his ears.

Mir. Zembuca swears vengeance on him, and the

only chance to escape, is to return, and prove his innocence—ah !

[MIRZA goes to the closet, and takes a poniard from it—as he closes the door, he sees BUFFARDO's legs beneath the curtain, and starts forward]

Eb. Mirza ! (amazed at the action)

Mir. Hush ! we are observed, betrayed !—we must leave the house instantly.

[a distant drum heard]

Eb. A drum ! (in terror looking through the lattice)—Ah ! I see guards approaching.

Buf. Guards !—oh lord !

Mir. Guards ! be silent : no doubt in search of that fool Buffardo—'tis no affair of ours. I must hasten to the boat—come, wife, 'tis a clear night, and you shall along with me. Be sure you lock the door,---fast bind, safe find, they say ;---so, stick to the old proverb.

[during the latter speech, MIRZA places the poniard in his belt—throws the bag over his shoulder, and is assisted eagerly by EBRA, who glances her eye round the room, in search of the object of their alarm—they go out and lock the door]

[the drum heard at intervals]

Buf. (after attempting to open the door, advances) Fast bind, fast find---blocks and bowstrings ! they'll find me ! Oh, Mahomet ! if you ever took pity on a miserable mussulman, now's your time—they are coming this way---coming for my ears ! perhaps, for my head ! oh, if I could but transfer my punishment with my place, how gladly would I deliver up the seals of office !

[loud knock—music]

[BUFFARDO rushes up the stairs—the lattice-work of the window and door are forced, with a crash—HASEM enters with guards—by his di-

rection, they separate in search—while he examines the apartment, BUFFARDO drops across the window]

Has. (seeing him rise and run) He escapes! (guard enter) Follow, follow to the bridge!--(they rush after in pursuit.)

[music, hurrying and expressive]

SCENE II.—*the shore beneath the walls of the fortress—a platform with a watch-tower—the water-gate of the fortress in the middle distance, beyond which, other parts of the building—a bright moon-light—a sentinel on guard—after symphony, which commences as the scene is disclosed]*

VOICE* PIANO.

Pull away, pull away! the stream is deep;
But labour once over, I soundly sleep;
Pull away, pull away! the tide to save;
My bark must fly swift o'er the rippling wave.

[KORAG appears on the walls]

Sen. Who's there?

Ko. A friend.

Sen. The word?

Ko. Zembuca!

[music—the relief enters—guard is relieved, during which the boat has approached the shore—as the relief departs, the boatman's song is resumed in a louder strain]

My voice shall keep time to the murmuring oar,
My song be re-echoed from shore to shore;
And gaily I'll cut through the sparkling foam,
And the moon beams will light me in safety home.

* One stanza of the boatman's song omitted after the first representation.

Ko. 'Tis the signal! 'tis Mirza. Once past the sentinel, he is safe.

[the boat disappears behind the platform.]

All is yet well—he lands—advances.

[MIRZA appears—as the sentinel makes a turn on the parade, he observes him]

Sen. How's this! a stranger beneath the walls! stand! who are you?

Mir. A friend.

Sen. What are you?

Mir. A fisherman.

Sen. What have you there?

Mir. The produce of my labour.

Sen. I must see it.

Mir. Impossible.

Sen. How?

Mir. The officer of the janissaries told me I might pass unmolested.

Sen. Indeed! then you know the watch-word—let me hear it.

Mir. The watchword! s'death! I know it not—Korac forgot to apprise me.

Sen. The word, I say!

Ko. Zembuca. *(from the wall)*—*(MIRZA looks around amazed)*

Sen. What said you?

Mir. Didn't you hear? Zem—Zembuca—

Sen. Right—you may pass.

[MIRZA observes KORAC, who leaves the wall—a shot is heard without, repeated at a distance—drum, at the sound of which, the sentinel runs out.—MIRZA throws the netting over the battlement, and ascends the wall, the net serving as a ladder—as he draws it after him, BUFFARDO rushes across the stage, looking back in terror, as if pursued. As the guards enter, MIRZA having drawn up the net, disappears from the wall, and the music which has accom-

panied the preceding action, bursts into the following]

CHORUS*.

Follow, follow, follow near,
The rash intruder must be here ;
Conceal'd in dusky shade he lies—
Escape is vain ; the traitor dies !

Follow, follow, follow, now
The outlaw to his fate must bow ;
Success will soon reward our pains,
And his reward be death or chains.
Follow, follow !

[*exeunt*

SCENE III.—*within the walls,—steps of rough stone work running up to the left, as leading to the ramparts—a small, but heavy and deep portal seen in the wall, the whole exhibiting marks of decay but great strength—the report of a musket heard, and BUFFARDO instantly darts through the door, and secures it after him.*

[*music*]

Buf. I am just in time—I heard the bullet whiz close to my head !—a purse-bearer never ran so fast before—I have sprained my back jumping from Mirza's cock-loft, and have been hunted like a badger, by a pack of—if that damned fellow with the long whiskers had fired a moment sooner, I should have had it.—'Tis well I secured a retreat,—but, if I don't see Zembuca, and explain this blunder before I'm caught by one of these savages, I shall be strangled by mistake—hey !

* This chorus omitted after the first representation, owing to the length of the piece.

KORAC *enters*—BUFFARDO *listens in terror*.

Ko. Not here!—I heard the guard in loud confusion on the shore,—if they should take him, he'll hang alive, food for vultures.

Buf. O Lord!

Ko. What noise? I heard him!—he must have passed the wall—this way, perhaps.

Buf. Hanged alive!—food for vultures! what's to be done? If I stir, I'm lost—if I stay, I'm found directly—Another!—it's all over.

enter MIRZA.

Mir. The murmuring of the breeze deceived me, or I heard his voice; he couldn't have left this spot—now, my good poniard, I may need thy service.

Ko. 'Tis he! I was not mistaken. (*advancing, MIRZA lifts his poniard*).—Hold! 'tis thy friend!

[*At this moment, Buffardo being on the ground between Korac and Mirza, he exclaims,*]

Buf. Hold! hold! I beseech you—I'll take it as a particular favor. Oh! Korac, my dear friend—I never was so glad to be a dear friend in all my life.

Ko. Buffardo here!

Buf. Ay, I am here,—I wish I was any where else—I'm on the look-out for the rascal that has just past the wall.

Mir. Indeed! (*again raising his poniard*)

Buf. Now don't—don't flourish that spiteful-looking thing about.

Ko. You!—you in search of—

Buf. Yes, to be sure—why you don't suspect that all this hue and cry was after me, do you?

Mir. Oh, 'tis evident,—the fool betrays himself.

Buf. Hey! why it's Mirza, as I'm alive!

Ko. What said you?

Buf. Why, I said it—it's a mercy I'm alive!—I wish you would not be so snappish.

Ko. Come, follow to the palace.

Buf. To the palace with—

Ko. With a witness, who can swear to the person who just now created this alarm.

Mir. Ay, he who entered that door.

Buf. A witness! what did he see then?—It's time for me to be off, here's some mischief brewing—O, if I could but turn the tables on my dear friend Korac, and recover my ascendancy in Zembuca's cabinet, who knows but I may live to be prime vizier, after all?
[*exit* Buffardo]

Ko. Now then away with speed; near at hand I have provided means that will pass you unquestioned, unnoticed, even to Selim's prison.

Mir. Which way does it lie?

Ko. I will conduct you;—oh, Mahomet! should the efforts of thy servants in the cause of justice be successful now, Korac's measure of content is full.

[*exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*a prison—in the back a gallery, about half way up the wall, with strong bars of iron interwove with spears, beneath which stands a table; on the right, a grated entrance in an angular direction from the gallery to a column; on the opposite side, Selim is discovered, chained—music—the spear guard appears in the gallery, with basket, lamp, &c.—he looks down on Selim as he passes—after a pause, Almazaide is seen in the gallery.*

Alm. I can go no further—terror and fatigue oppress me, and I faint, sink. (*she leans against the bars*)

(*Selim starts, and listens*)

Ah! I hear the clank of chains—perhaps the chains of Selim.

Sel. That voice! my name, too! I could not dream it—'tis she, 'tis Almazaide!

Alm. Selim! O, my dear Selim! let me fly to your release!

Sel. Impossible! my chains are locked, the entrance is secured—return, return, I charge you; if you are

found endeavouring to assist me, they will destroy us both.

Alm. When danger threatens Selim, where should Almazaide be found, but sharing his calamity, and striving to avert it? no! I will not return; if we may not exist together, at least we'll die so.

Sel. How have you contrived to reach this dreary mansion? had you accomplices?

Alm. I had, courage and true faith!—they may befriend me still—confident that I could not escape, Zembuca left me in the harem unattended; I took advantage of the darkness—I have followed the footsteps of the spear-guard through the mazes of this hideous labyrinth, and—

Sel. Hush!

[music]—(*guard appears at the entrance, enters, and leaves the gate ajar while he deposits lamp on table*)

Guard. See, I have brought you some refreshment.

Sel. Repose will now refresh me more than food—these chains prevent my sleeping. You have the key, and may release me from their weight.

Guard. I have the key, but to use it as you require, is not in my orders—(*hangs it on a hook above the table*).

Sel. Does compassion interfere with duty? You were taught otherwise, when under my command.

Guard. A brave soldier must not feel compassion.

Sel. No soldier can be truly brave without it!

Guard. Zembuca thinks differently—he may be wrong, but I dare not disobey him.

[while speaking, he takes the lamp and hangs it against the column opposite to Selim—Almazaide is seen reaching to the key, but withdraws her arm when the guard turns]

—Come, taste your bread, and eat heartily, while I prepare my mattress. Ere long I shall be for guard upon the ramparts.

[music—guard retires beneath the gallery, and prepares his mattress—during this Almazaide

gets one of the spears, reaches the key, and drops it into the jug, Selim observing her.]

Guard. (returning) Come, eat.

Sel. I cannot eat, my mouth is dry and feverish.

Guard. Then drink—the contents of this jug will comfort you.

[music—after giving it, he goes to the opposite side, and trims the lamp]

—Has it revived you ?

[Selim has taken the key from the jug and unlocked his chains]

Sel. Much, much !

[music—guard goes to the door—locks it, and retires to his couch.]

Sel. This key must be returned. *(aside)*

[Selim, in reaching to replace the key, drops the chains from his gripe, and immediately falls upon them, holding the belt round him. At the same instant, Almazaide utters a cry of alarm, and the guard starts forward—(pause)—advances suspiciously, takes the jug and bread, replaces them on basket, and notices the key]

Guard. All is safe ; but 'I thought—did not you hear a noise in the gallery ?

Sel. The echo of a creaking door, nothing else.

Guard. A light advancing !—'tis Zembuca ! he comes to visit the prison—I must be ready.

Sel. Zembuca ! then Almazaide perishes ! she cannot pass him, cannot enter. *(aside)*

[music—march. As they pass above, the guard in haste kicks back his mattress, throws basket on it, unlocks, and throws open the door ; then taking his spear, which he had left against the column, stands as on duty.—At the moment he turns from the door for the spear, Almazaide darts through it and conceals herself]

guards, slaves, &c. enter, followed by ZEMBUCA.

Zem. 'Tis well ; these chains become a traitor.

Sel. Indeed ! then it were fit Zembuca wore them.
—Why come to mingle insult with thy cruelty ?

Zem. I am come to hear a fixed resolve to what I shall propose—mark me ! your scattered troops, joined with the rebel army, have sent an insolent demand, that you, their general, be restored. Rather than shrink beneath their threats, these towers shall be Zembuca's tomb—sign this paper—betray them to the ambush I have formed, and life, with liberty, again are yours.

Sel. I will not betray them.

Zem. Remember the alternative—speak !

Sel. Then, thus I answer : for myself, I demand *justice* ;—for Almazaide, *liberty* ;—for your unhappy subjects, *mercy* !—Render yourself immortal in the affections of your people—for time, that crumbles the inscription from a tyrant's monument, will make that indelible, which a virtuous prince impresses on the heart ;—a good king's memory will never perish !

Zem. Your fate then is decided ; unless these murmuring slaves return to their allegiance, you swing a lifeless corse above the battlements ! Those who despise Zembuca's clemency, shall learn to fear his hate !—Away !

[*march*]

[*Zembuca retires with guards, slaves, &c.*
As Korac exits, Almazaide looks after him, from the table, and is observed by one of the black slaves, who lingers behind, and in the confusion is not observed by the guard, till the rest repass the gallery. As the guard goes to lock the gate he sees him]

Guard. How's this ? why do you loiter here ?

Slave. Have you not observed—

Guard. What ?

Slave. A stranger concealed in the prison ?

Guard. Concealed—who ?

Slave. A friend of Selim.

Guard. Indeed, where?

Mir. Here!

[throws off the crape, seizes guard, and holds
a poniard over him]

Sel. Ah! Mirza!

Alm. Mirza!

Guard. Help! help! treachery! the guard! the guard!

Mir. Another word, and 'tis your last.

[Selim seizes him on the other side—Almazaide takes the key, and advances]

Alm. Secure him, or we may be pursued! The chains! the chains!

[they place the belt round him, and Almazaide locks the chains—bugle heard]

Mir. Lose not a moment! fly to the walls that skirt the river, and you may pass them with the means by which I entered—the left avenue will lead you there in safety.

[exeunt Selim and Almazaide]

[at the same moment, guards, with torches and sabres, rush across the gallery.]

Mir. Ah! already! One word, and this poniard is in your throat.

[music]

[Mirza crossing to the entrance, waits behind it. Other guards are seen following through the gallery. At the instant the guard rushes in, Mirza darts through the door and locks it—the other, hearing the gate close, turns, but is too late. While he struggles, Almazaide is seen borne through the gallery by guards—music expressive]

SCENE V.—a Moresco hall in the fortress.

Voices (without) Huzza! huzza!

BUFFARDO enters in haste.

Buf. I never get clear of one scrape, but I tumble into another.

Voices (without) Huzza! huzza!

Buf. Ah, you may huzza till you're hoarse! I'll not be shot at again to be made great mogul! This is the consequence of being an orator, I must make speeches, and be damn'd to me! "Soldiers," said I, "the enemy are at hand; if you don't distinguish yourselves, depend upon it, they'll extinguish you: therefore, fight like game-cocks, and cover yourselves with glory." Upon which, the captain of the janissaries, taking me, that is, mistaking me for a hero, swore I should lead a party into the very thick of battle.

Voices (without) Buffardo! Buffardo!

enter HASAN.

Buf. That's the fellow, with the long whiskers, that let fly at me—well!

Has. You are waited for; the rebels advance; we expect fine sport.

Buf. Sport! sport! I wish you merry—pray don't let me keep you from the entertainment.

Has. Why, you are appointed to head the sortie, and surprise the enemy.

Buf. Are you sure the enemy won't surprise us?

Has. Why, they are very strong, so you had better prepare—there will be the devil to pay presently.

Buf. The devil to pay, will there? Then, as I am
[going
purse-bearer, curse me if I don't resign my office—fly, rascal, to your post, and say I am coming—when the fight's finished.

[*Hasan is met by officers and troops*]

Off. Halt!

Buf. Ah! some of us will halt with a vengeance, after the battle.

Off. Buffardo, you must remain here—the chief attack is expected on this side the fortress.

Buf. You don't say so!

Off. We shall be safe enough yonder.

Buf. Shall you? I wish I was of your party then.

Off. Our scouts inform me, there are no end to the troops who are advancing.

Buf. Ah! then there will soon be an end of me.

Off. Now plant your men upon the ramparts, and stand firm!

[*exit officer*

[*Hasan occupied in dressing the troops.*]

Buf. I'll stand firm, as long as I can, you may take your oath; and, when I've planted my men, as you call it, I'll transplant myself to a place of safety. Here's a horrid business! they've stuck me in the post of honor!—honor! 'psha! it never was in my department.

[*flourish*]

*enter ZEMBUCA, KORAC, and guard, with ALMA-
ZAIDE.*

Zem. Convey her to the tower that flanks the northern entrance, over the dry moat.

Ko. Not there! not there! 'tis dangerous, should the foe strike there.

Zem. I care not; from that tower she shall behold the downfall of the rebel Selim.

Alm. E'en lead me where you please; Selim, my beloved Selim! has escaped thy tyrant grasp, and I shall now possess, even in death, a joy beyond thy power to deprive me of.

Zem. You know your orders—obey them.

[*Almazaide is led off—Zembuca perceives Buffardo hiding himself behind the troops.*]

—Buffardo! villain! [*BUFFARDO shrinks from him, terrified*—should you have aided Selim in his flight, you pay the forfeit with your life.

Buf. Impossible! my life is bespoke already, by the captain of the janissaries—oh, yes, I'm provided for.

Zem. When you are returned, we shall enquire further—now, follow me, to punish treason, and subdue rebellion ! *[exit with troops]*

Buf. When I'm returned, hey ? If ever I'm returned, it sha'n't be in the list of killed and wounded—I'll be one of the missing—my accommodating conscience is terribly bothered ; but if I can save my life, and retain my place, it's all the same to me which party gets into power. *[exit]*

SCENE THE LAST—the exterior of the fortress—the body of the building, with ramparts and towers extending in perspective up the stage—a moat, dry, occupies the centre—a drawbridge raised over it—steps on the right ascend to a water-sluice, shut. In the distance, various buildings appertaining to the palace and fortress, beyond which are mountains, with a minaret on one of their summits. The appearance, early dawn ; the whole exhibiting a striking effect of repose and grandeur.

ALMAZAIDE is seen in a grated window of the tower that flanks the bridge.

Music, low and mournful, accompanies the opening. KORAC appears at the portal, and looks around the various parts as in search—notices ALMAZAIDE—*music ceases.*

Ko. Yes, in that tower she is immured, the very tower I warned them to attack ; 'tis true, I may release her ; but to pass the moat without our friends to aid us ;—it must not be attempted—my heart mis-gives me, if Ebra should have lost that packet to the shiek Mohammed.

EBRA appears at the bridge platform.

Round, round to the portal !

[Korac crosses the stage, as Ebra goes from the platform—the drawbridge slowly descends, and Mirza cautiously passes, securing it on the opposite side with bolts, and disengaging the chains. Korac opening the gate, admits Ebra.]

Ko. On one word all depends.

Eb. 'Tis done !

Ko. Do they advance ?

Eb. Rapidly.

Ko. Can we be assured of their approach ?

Eb. Yes, by the firing of the beacon.

Ko. That on the hill ?

Eb. Yes.—Mirza !

MIRZA appears at the gate to them.

Ko. Hush ! not so loud—how did you pass the sentinels ?

Mir. I encountered none—all is confusion within the fortress—no man knows his station. I have secured the bridge—no power of theirs within can raise it.

Ko. Say, Ebra, has Selim joined the shiek Mohammed ?

Eb. He has.

Ko. Zembuca's star grows pale !

Eb. The news contained in that packet, spread like wild-fire through the ranks, and all proclaimed the aga, sultan !

Ko. Indeed ! then is my atonement made. Korac is no longer burthened with a load of guilt.

Eb. What mean you ?

Ko. That paper was the dying confession of the vizier Ali, signed by his own hand, in the presence of Zembuca and myself.

Mir. What did it disclose ?

Ko. A secret, that I too long have kept. Urged by false pride, and a vile thirst of power, he, in their infancy, exchanged his own offspring for the heir of

our last monarch—Selim is that heir,—Zembuca, Ali's son.

[*distant drum—and the beacon appears in flames on the hill.*]

Eb. Ah ! the signal !—They come !—I see them on the mountains.

Ko. The time is apt ! now prepare to receive the captive Almazaide.

[*exit Korac to the portal, on the fortress side*

[*Mirza and Ebra retire behind steps that lead to the sluice—a soldier on the bridge sounds a horn, which is answered within—Zembuca on the ramparts—from the time Ebra exclaims, “ they come !” music, indicating march, strikes very piano, increasing forte ; but as the dialogue allows, according to the approach of the troops.*]

Zem. Up with the drawbridge.

[*sentinel appears on the bridge.*]

Sen. We cannot raise it—the works are damaged.

Zem. Cut it away, instantly.

[*the bridge is cut away, and falls into the moat.*]
[*music, louder*]

Zem. Now let all retire, and lie concealed within the walls—these slaves shall still believe us unprepared, and rush upon destruction ! [exit

Eb. The bridge destroyed !

Mir. Then is their retreat cut off.

[*Korac, with Almazaide, enters from the portal, and stop in despair at the edge of the moat.*]

Ko. The bridge cut down ! what is to be done ? ah ! I see a plank amidst the fragments. Fear not, Almazaide : I will release you from this tyrant's grasp, or perish in the attempt.

[Korac, holding by the chains that had supported the bridge, swings himself over the moat—he takes a plank from the fragments of the bridge, which being insufficient to reach across, he props it with his shoulder, while Almazaide advances, and leaps the remaining space into the arms of Selim, who appears on the platform. During this, Zembuca's following speech is heard—the moment Almazaide is across, Korac drops the plank, and those in pursuit appear—Korac seen climbing to the platform—Selim retires with Almazaide.

Zem. Korac's voice! Almazaide too! Guards! follow. [*enters in front of the stage.*] On your lives secure them. Curse on them, they escape!

Of. The enemy are close upon us, the outposts are driven in, and they have entered the eastern gate.

Zem. March them to the moat beneath; there let our soldiers lie in ambush. Traitor!

Ko. [*having gained the platform*] Traitor I am none; thou art the traitor; thou hast filled the seat of mercy with cruelty and oppression; rebelled against our prophet's laws, and against thy lawful sovereign—Selim!

[*Soldiers appear in the moat—Mirza and Ebra advance from behind the steps.*]

Eb. Do you observe? Zembuca's men have occupied the moat,—if we are overpowered,—

Mir. The moat! then we may still assist our friends.

Eb. Ah! the sluice! the sluice!

Mir. Now, you rascals! I'll cool your courage! [*rushing up steps*] Help, Ebra, help!

[*Ebra follows him—they lift the flood-gate, and the water flows into the moat. At the instant, shouts heard. Mirza unbolts the entrance, and*

Selim's party enter. At the same instant Zembuca and his men fill the front—firing commences at the back, while the combat in front is continued. As Zembuca's party are driven by Selim's, and followed into the castle, the walls appear damaged—shells and bombs, &c. seen to pass to and from the fortress; the moat appears to fill with water, and the distant part of the building in flames. The combatants appear a second time in front—Korac combats with Zembuca;—his sword, knocked from his gripe, is caught up by Ebra, who comes from steps—the combat is renewed—Zembuca rushes through the portal, followed by Korac. Zembuca enters tower, the front of which falls, and discloses him in a perilous situation—the building blows up, the tower falls, and Zembuca, clinging to a rafter, is precipitated into the moat—Selim enters with Almazaide, Mirza preceding, and followed by Korac,—all bend the knee to Almazaide and Selim—general shout of the victors.]

FINIS.



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